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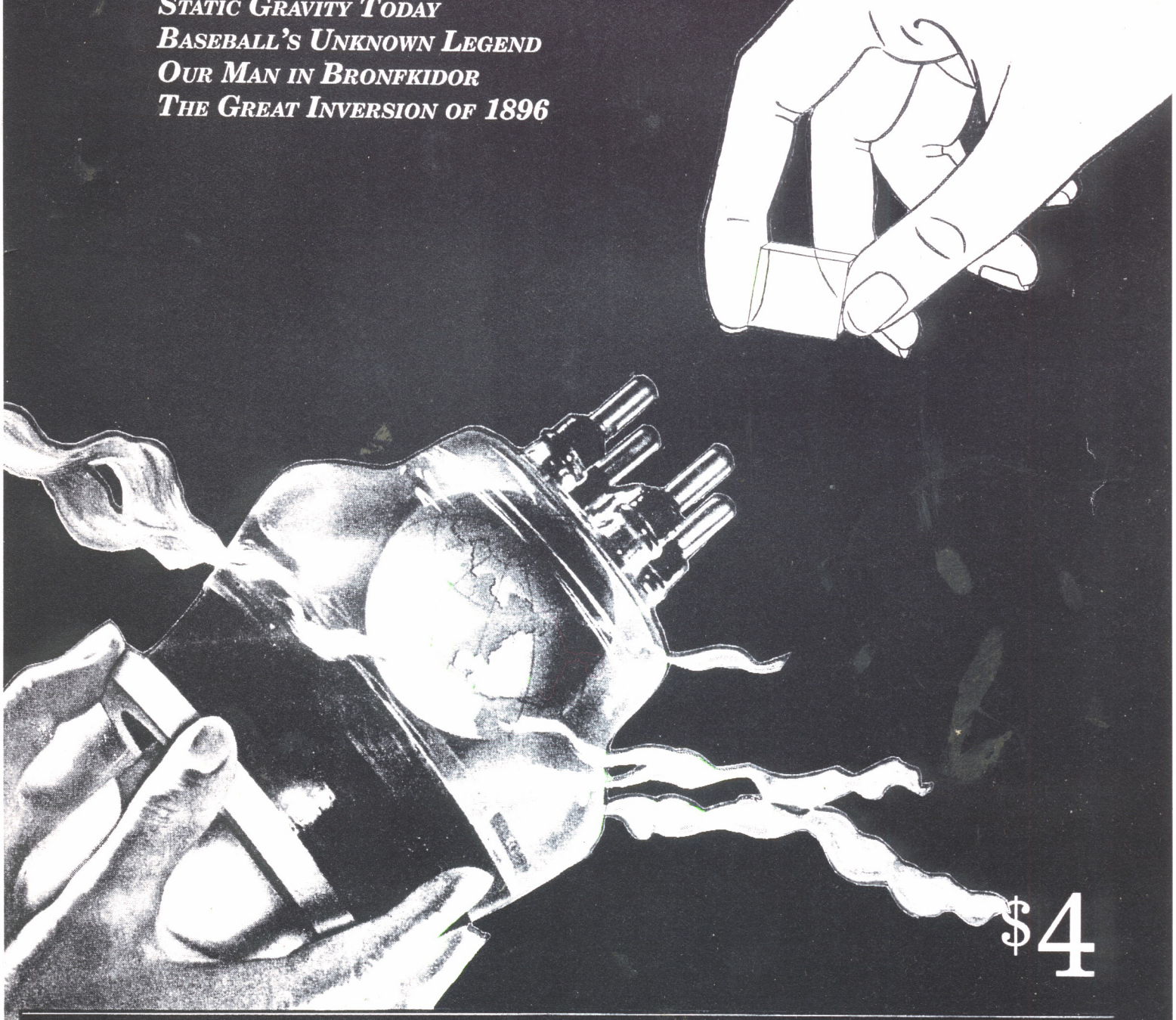
In This Issue:



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A POST-RATIONAL PUBLICATION

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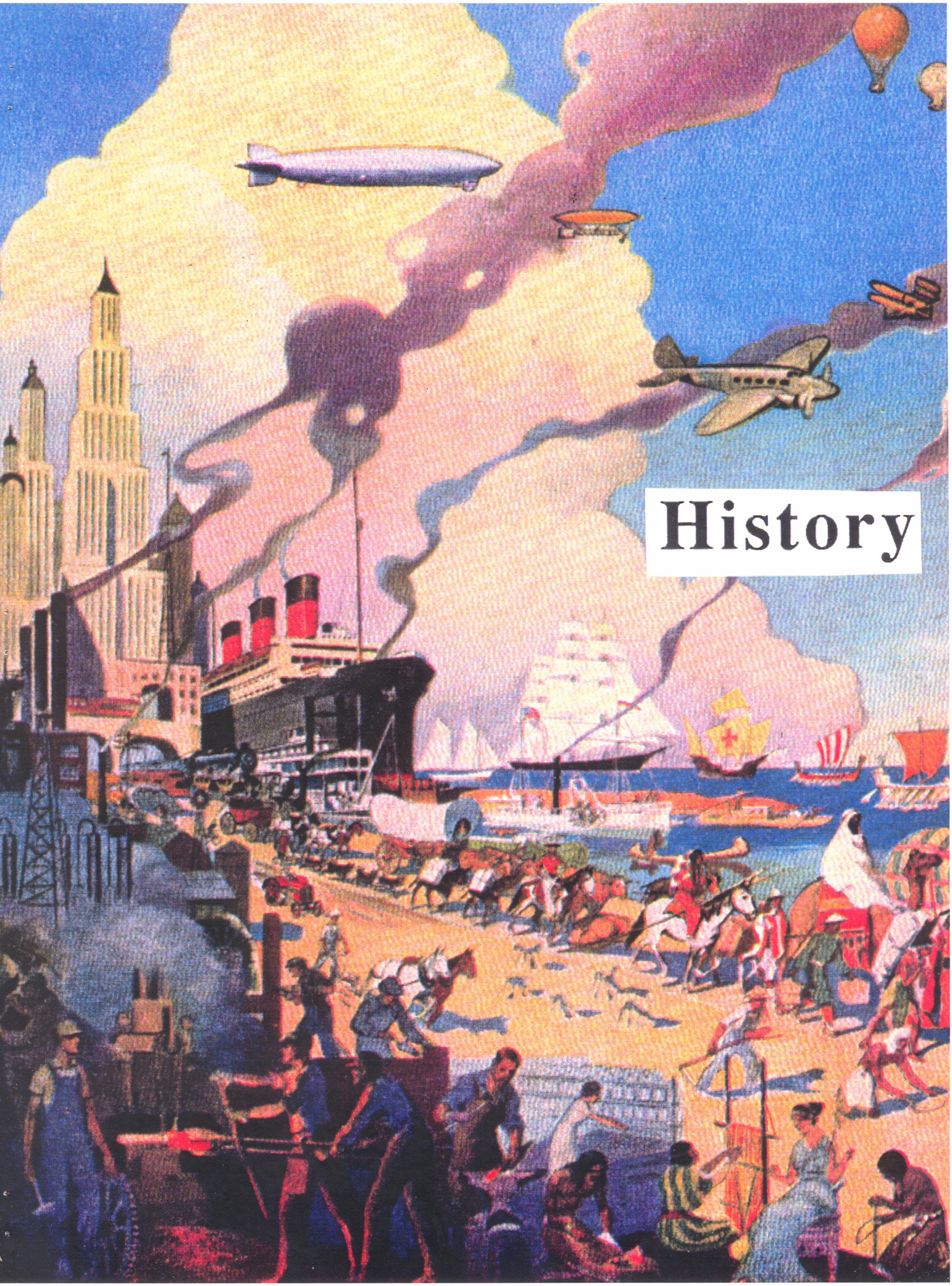
The Journal of the Institute for Parallel Studies is published every once in a while by The Institute for Parallel Studies located at 25 Grant Street, Cambridge, Mass., 02138. It is a distinct possibility that the contents of this journal are entirely fictional and that any resemblance to any person or institution living or dead depicted herein is purely coincidental. Then again we cannot exclude the possibility that it is all true and that your reality is merely a dream to be forgotten soon upon waking. This might all have been prevented by my mother forbidding me to read MAD Magazine.

The editors of this journal would like to thank those people who made contributions that would have been beyond the abilities of the editorial staff to carry out themselves. If this journal shows any evidence of professionalism or polish it is due in great measure to the efforts of the following: Naomi Pierce, Andrea Zax, Tony Fitzgerald, Alan Vickers, Mina Abbate, and Robert Connors.

The Journal of the Institute for Parallel Studies is dreamed up by Rob Chalfen and Ahmed Fishmonger.


History

(This article originally appeared in the Feb. 1957 Journal of Forensic Cuisine.)

ON THE ORIGINS OF PARALLEL THEORY IN THE GREAT INVERSION OF 1896

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PARALLEL SCIENCES

BY R.N. CHALFEN, Dd.T.

"The bleachers of error are strewn with the gumwrappers of possibility"

Ever since southpaw Don Unwittingly of the Dilmount Airedales heard these words out of thin air near a Schrodinger's Catfood sign during the third game of their disastrous '51 series against the Turing (Pa.) Machinists, fans everywhere have wondered if it might not be true.

What's the connection? you may ask, between the off-the-wall musings of this legendary mounds-man and say, the principles behind the Spartan Godwheel, the Oneiric Induction Drive, the Deregulation of Swans and other notable advances in Parallel Science? Not to mention the still-mysterious In-Fly Field Rule? Well, we here at the Institute for Parallel Studies (formerly Popular Hieroglyphics) have dedicated ourselves to lifting the Veil of Understanding from the eyes of a public too long in thrall to a tyranny of received opinion and Rationalist thought.

Not affiliated with Anarcho-Spectacularism™ or any other cult of unknowing, the Institute is a non-profit (and how!), all-volunteer army of the foremost specialists and practitioners ever assembled without instructions.

Since its founding (on a bet) by Esperanto bible "salesman" Dave (Stuffy) Stelch and a local man known as Blind Ed at the View-Mar Lunch near Mammons Gorge, N.H. in 1947, the Institute has undertaken untold expeditions to chart the brackish branchwaters of the Parallel Domains. Outfitting our trusted cadre of reckless adventurers often with little more than a blind faith in the Other Realm and a hearty admonition to write down anything that looks suspicious, we pack them off to transgress the frontiers of the mundane, to roll back the bathmat of pragmatism and expose the unlikely image of a world we might divine but not explain.

But back to Unwittingly. As everyone no doubt recalls, he was the one who shut out the Strikebreakers back in '48 while still technically in a coma. During a game in Mulweeno in '49, he changed his name three times in one inning, so confounding the Jujubees that their entire dugout went mad and the game had to be called on demonic possession. But his finest moment may have come in '51 against Wyoming, facing Floyd 'Flatfoot' Floogie, ex-patrolman and basepath visionary. His face never betraying the innocence that comes with long experience, Unwittingly loaded his glove with a vector of spit and flipped the ball into it a couple times. He then tossed it with a sheepish grin to ump Stony Tunguska (his lifelong nemesis), whose mouth had barely opened, his finger in the air. Stony savagely scrutinized the suspect sphere but, detecting no offending fluids, reluctantly threw it back. The Wyoming manager ranged angrily about and threatened to explode unless Unwittingly were thrown from the game. "Play ball!" Tunguska stoically pronounced, casting the manager a hopeless glance. The Unwitting One's next pitch was so suspicious that some thought it Un-American and phoned the FBI. The Wyoming manager did in fact explode and quit baseball to raise orchids in a home. Unwittingly himself always refused to explain these feats, cheerfully maintaining that he didn't remember them. "Guess I'll just leave that one to the experts," he would say shyly, knocking the dust off a third baseman.

Their significance cannot really be grasped without reference to one of the forgotten wonders of the last century, the so-called "Great Inversion" of 1896. This sadly neglected event, now largely relegated to footnotes in muonics handbooks and the like, once confounded the best minds of the last century and threw the civilized world into a panic which changed the course of history—for a while.

It should come as no surprise to anyone who has read thus far that some people simply have no tolerance for any deviation from the familiar. But what sort of deviation are we talking about? A minor one measured in fractions of a degree or a major deflection that wrenches your comfortable world-view from its moorings and drives you out into the night to drink with strangers? These very questions were long the preoccupation of noted 19th c. moralist and theologian Everett Wheeler Graham (1828–1895). In such seminal and influential works as "The Wisdom of Error" (1855), "An Experiment in Selective Ontology" (1866), and especially, "On the Confusion of Realms" (1877) Graham first formulated such key tenets of Potentiation Logic as "otherwiseness," "the world next-door," "exploiting the unknown," and "distinguishing the merely wrong from the brilliantly incorrect."

"It's always high noon in eternity," he began during a lecture at Princeton in the winter of '94. "The

universe is leaning toward you on its elbows over a half-eaten tea biscuit. It's Thursday and it's raining. You glance nervously at the chocolate grinder before the cracked glass. The universe raises an eyebrow and asks: 'One lump or two?'"

In his colorful yet enigmatic way the great man had framed one of the key dilemmas of modern thought. How can we be sure the universe isn't snickering at us and, if it is, how can we get back at it? He provides a clue with his formulation "one lump or two." The first lump may be regarded as a propitiation, or votive offering, such as men have of old offered to their gods. The second lump, by repeating the gesture, might startle or confuse the universe, throwing it however briefly off the scent; then, anything might happen. In its transient, disordered state, the universe becomes curiously suggestible and, if we're quick about it, might sign anything before it comes to. Thus, he seemed to imply, through some deft and sneaky act of our OWN WILL reality itself might be up for grabs. Cataclysmic events and awesome powers could be unleashed by some seemingly trivial human action *"if sufficiently intended and keenly focused to that end."* (our italics)

Alas, he was not to live to see his ideas brought to fruition. For it was in 1895, the year of his death, that one of his least-promising pupils inadvertently set the Victorian world's most cherished notions on their ear. It happened late one evening in his undistinguished rooms at the Thermidor, a New Haven rooming house. Wesley Ascot-Fez, disconsolate at the loss of his mentor (The great man had left some unfinished comments on his mid-term; "C minus," he began, "You'll never..."), was idly dismantling a Spengler coil over a map of Antarctica which lay unrolled upon the table, occasionally resorting to a handkerchief soaked in petroleum ether, when a faint but alarming noise—like a dirigible exploding far overhead—shook him from his reveries. He glanced up in astonishment as pale blue flame flickered from the brass fixtures of the room. The air filled with the distinctive smell of camphor and benzene, while seeming to hum with the buzz of a million bees. The Spengler coil in his hand grew suddenly hot; dropping it on the map (a burn at "Little Finland" even today marks the spot) it erupted in a shower of sparks, throwing him backwards from his chair and knocking him out cold against an immense biscuit tin filled with antique spoons. According to the researches of Quiche-Plankton (1937) and others, the Great Inversion of 1896 had already begun, possibly.

Its effects were first generally noted in an experimental fern-breeding program conducted by the Botany Department at the Massachusetts College of Agriculture, then firmly under the sway of Theosophists. The suggestive results, although first published in the specialist journal "The Astral Frond," were picked up by T. Carsdale Argot, a reporter for the Chicago Defamer who had been tipped off by accounts of Symbolist revels on campus by a stringer at the Pittsfield Voyeur. His resulting dispatch, "PAGAN FERN FEVER GALVANIZES COW COLLEGE," shocked drawing rooms on five continents. His popular work on the subject, "The Carnal Chalice," loosened the morals of a generation enervated by populism, elaborate wallpaper and tandem bicycles. And when a brace of journalists from the usually fastidious London Botanical Observer burst in on the Chelsea digs of Madame Blavatsky and found her *in flagrante* with Aleister Crowley, it only compounded popular interest. But that is another story.

Its other effects were wide-ranging and no less inexplicable. Battleships stuck together, imperiling wars. The Brooklyn Bridge hummed tunelessly and sank 11 inches. Telegraphs worldwide spat blank verse. And Tammany paid back the orphans. Clearly, puzzled school children everywhere would have to be taught something new. But what?

It remained for Valdemar Poulsen, then an obscure Danish inventor laboring vainly to record speech on lengths of galvanized baling wire, to arrive at a solution. In 1915, Scott Joplin, fresh from his collaboration with W.C. Handy on the revue "Stagger Lee," composed a satirical ragtime opera about the Great Inversion, called The World Turned Upside Down, toured to acclaim on the Continent by Ma Rainey and Bert Williams. As Poulsen sat in the audience at a performance in Copenhagen, gazing in amazement at their outlandish headgear of stacked cones and silvery discs, the answer that had eluded others suddenly descended on him. Leaving the performance in mid-cakewalk, he hurried back to his study and scribbled feverishly till dawn, because typing would have kept people up. Now known to the world as the Copenhagen (or "Cakewalk") Notebooks, in their delirious diagrams and inspired equations we find formulated all the basic principles of Static Gravity, the then-revolutionary breakthrough which under-lies all the SG technology we take so much for granted today. (See the *Invention* section of this journal for a full discussion of these wonderful devices).

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(**Editors Note:** Due to a typesetter's error in the original 1957 publication, a page was dropped from the article at this point. As the original manuscript could not be located as we go to press, we regretfully have no choice but to reprint the piece "as is." We hope the historical importance of the piece makes up for any inconvenience this may cause the reader.)

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But it was not to be.

One fine autumn day in 1953, Don Unwittingly set off for third base and was never seen again. He had done what none had thought possible, taking a career that had made the baffling seem routine and crowning

it with a feat so utterly confounding that to this day any attempt to discuss it is considered a sign of feeble-mindedness. For every man who claims he was at Dilmount Field that crisp and fateful day, there are three who insist they were elsewhere. Even the film of the game is no help. Clams Conway had knocked a long fly to center at the top of the ninth with two away. Unwittingly, having gotten on base due to wind shear (his usual gambit), lit out for second with his customary unconscious grace. As the camera follows the ball, you can just glimpse him rounding second and digging in for a mad dash to third, eyes clamped shut in fierce concentration. Ivan "The Terrible" Stang fields the ball on one hop and fires it heroically to third. The ball seems to hover for a moment above the third baseman's glove. And then—nothing. When the camera cuts away to show the action, Unwittingly had simply vanished. There's a moment's stunned silence on the field where time seems suspended. Heads spin, casting vainly about for the man who wasn't there. The camera pans awkwardly back and forth, scanning the park, as if we'd find him leaning against the dugout rail, chewing gum with maddening nonchalance, as if to say "I just didn't feel like it that time, what's it to ya anyway." But the dugout rail shone naked, unadorned with any trace of Unwittingly's laconic form. The umpires huddled to confer; you can see their frantic gestures as they argued how to call the play, eyes poking out to catch a flicker from some shadowed corner of the park. Minutes passed while nothing changed and tension charged the air. Restlessness turned to puzzlement then panic and despair. The announcer near hysteric

yelled "Unwittingly is GONE!" as a thousand maddened ballfans ran amok upon the lawn. "Unwittingly is GONE!" he yelled in that now-famous phrase, which a thousand naked hipsters would recite in Frisco Bay.

D+ LA+E
see comments at end.

American History 202
Mr. Pirandello
3rd period, rm. 423
Oct. 15th 1991
Daniel T. Boswell

Pres. Hiram T. Johnson

I have chosen to do my first term paper on the presedency of Hiram T. Johnson because he was interesting for being our first black president and for allowing California to become a monarchy.

Hiram Johnson was born in 1811 in columbus Ohio. He was the first person in his family to receive an education and by 1832 he had begun a carreer as a public accountant. It was in this capacity that he first met Ohio governor Durwin Dyer and became his personal aid and secratary. It was very brave of the governor to hire a negro for this position and his popularity suffered for it. In spite of this, Dwyer continued to support the young black man and in later years provided much of the support that would result in his ~~being~~ elected to the senate in 1866 and ~~being chosen~~ selection as U.S.Grant's running mate in 1872.

Even though he was vice president of the Un ited states, his place was understood to be largely symbolic. In the senate when he presided, southern senators would not refer to him as Mr. President until threatened with censure.

In 1874 the Tresury scandal broke, forcing Grant and his entire cabinit to resign in disgrace. Johnson acceded to the office of the of the president of the United States.

Congress flew into a panic trying to find any possible reason to remove Johnson from office but no (scandal) against him could be found. at this same time there was an enormous amount of corruption in California which the executive branch of government could not pay very much attention to because the president was merely fighting to stay in office. California had been admitted to the union in 1850 during the pre-civil war contriversy over slavery and, being a frontier, was still very much out of the mainstream of the country. The state government had, over the years since the war become increasingly corrupt and the people increasingly put out over it. This all came to a head in 1875 with the lynching of governor Elwood Flashburn White. The state now having no legal government, the people of San Francisco declared that Joshua Norton, an excentric who had for many years claimed to be emperor of the United states, to be the highest ranking official in the state. In September of that year he declared that the Empire of California was seperate from the union and in Washington, congress was only concerned with the "Nigger in the White House". → Footnote to Ex. Baldyvass (Louis)

To heap insult upon injury, congress and the people of the U.S. heald Johnson responsible for the loss of California. In 1877 Johnson left the White House a very bitter man and emigrated to California where he served as its second Prime Minister succeeding Robert Louis Stevenson in 1882.

The definitive biography of Johnson was written by Samuel L. Clemmens, who was California's first ambasidor to the U.S.

In 1880 Norton I died, leaving no heir, but eventually a new dynasty was founded by William I of the house of Hickock and it was him who almost started a war with the U.S.A. over the treatment of Hiram T. Johnson, However, it was Johnson himself who defyed "Wild Bill" in refusing to mobilize troops.

There was no question that Hiram Johnson had regained his dignity and respect on the world stage.

He died in 1900 at the age of 89.

I give up. While your interest in Johnson is laudable and your facts basically correct (he was 19th pres. by the way), your writing and spelling border on the criminal. You must allow more time to complete assignments. This gives every sign of having been "knocked off" at 2 a.m. You were one of our best students last quarter - now you seem to be falling apart. You don't look at all well. ARE YOU ON EITHER?

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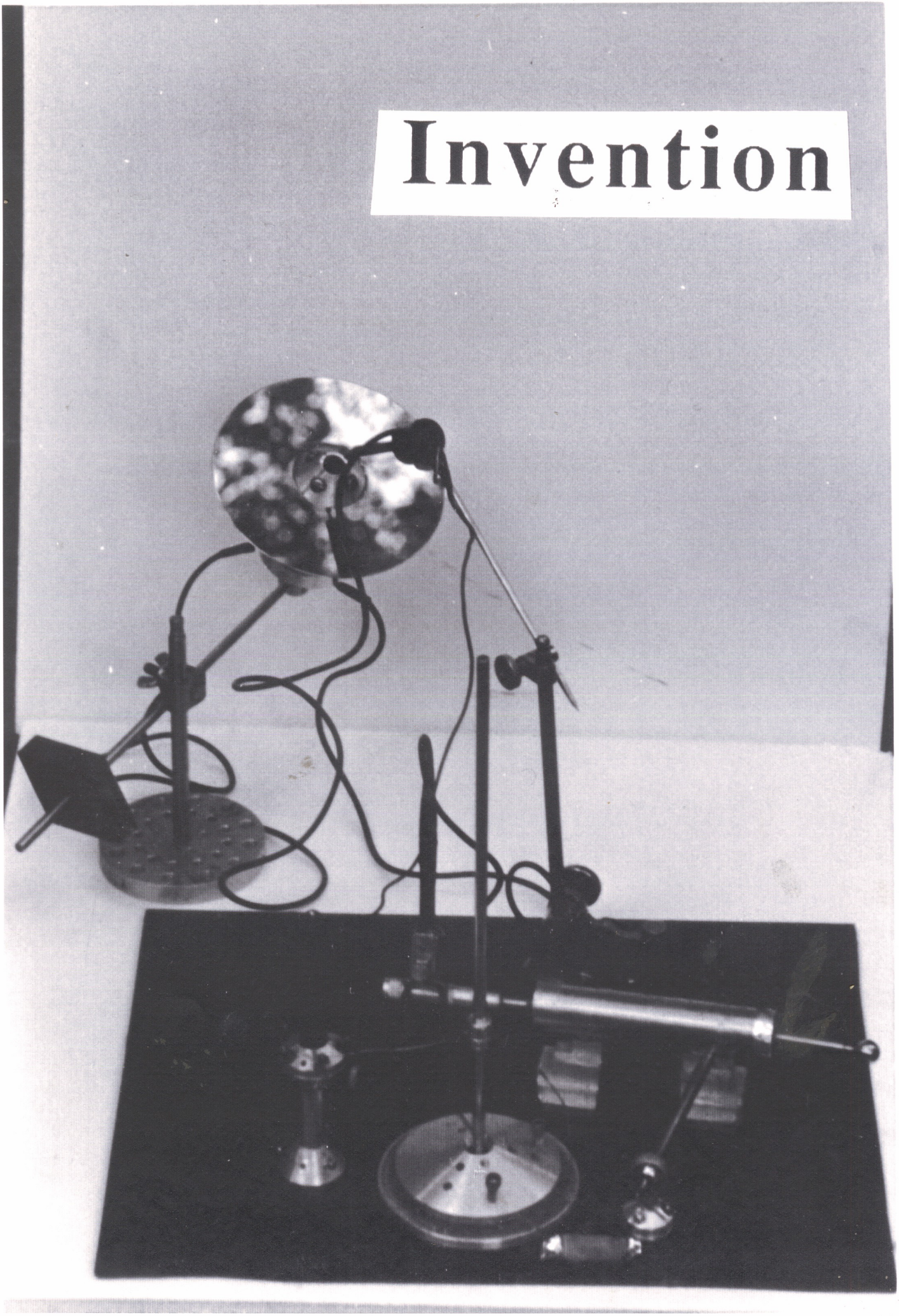
PESOS

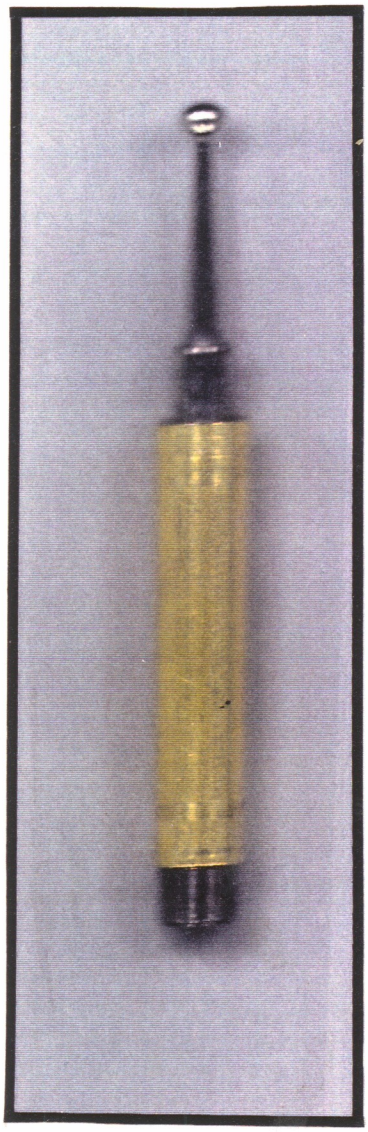
Invention



Static Gravity

By Ahmed Fishmonger, Ph.D.

In 1906, A. Roman Mollot built the first device to produce a measurable Static Gravity. He had been exploring the idea that a "Solid State" substitute for the DeForest tubes could be found. He had tried everything including various clays and gemstones without any substantial success. He was near the end of looking at a variety of metals and was planning to move on to what he called "Layered silicon doping" when he noticed something strange happening with quartz crystals and powdered titanium. Having left some crystals in a bronze cup a small amount of titanium powder that he was experimenting with was accidentally deposited on top of them. It was not until a few days later that Dr. Mollot discovered a strange phenomenon in the area of the container. A sort of a "charge" had developed, but not of the electrical type but rather what Mollot described as a "flow of suggested mass" or in more modern terms, "static gravity."



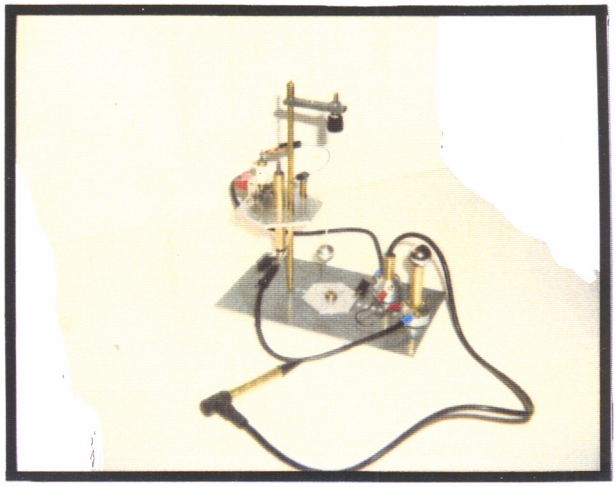
Later that year Mollot found the three terminals that allowed this device to be put to practical use, the positive or "input" terminal, the negative or "bleeder" terminal and the neutral or "phase" terminal. About ten years earlier Valdmar Poulsen, the father of magnetic recording, had stumbled upon a similar device but found no use for it in his research. Today this device is used to power low gravity magnetic generators for Determinators and Ludiscopes.

With the discovery of the Mollot cell modern parallel resonance technology became possible and A.R. Mollot devoted the rest of his life to the implementation of these devices. By the time of his death in 1942, he had seen the fruit of his work change the world whereas he might have wasted his life in the pursuit of the chimera of a solid state vacuum tube.

The Correct Use of OEC Converters

By Ahmed Fishmonger, Ph.D.

All of the illustrated devices would not be able to function properly were it not for the phenomenon of outpoint excitation conversion. Luckily, it is an easily produced and easily understood process. The devices in question are a standard lab model PRFT rig, a parallel field translator, and a standard three configuration determinator. The thing that these two common pieces of apparatus have in common is that they both require the use of an overbled Mollot cell. Overbleeding is the simplest method of raising the gravity of a small Mollot cell without altering its Hartley rating. However, overbleeding also creates "phantom mass" readings, better known as "stelching," which must be smoothed out in order for either of these devices output to be in any way useful. This is where outpoint excitation conversion comes in. The OEC* is very simple in concept and construction; generally an alloy of Mercury, Cobalt and Boron granules is contained within an envelope with the "in" and "out" terminals buried within the mass. The signal is conducted straight through while excess excitation is dephased by exposure to the Boron, thus resulting in a signal which has full gravity but has its outpoint excitation dephased or converted.



Determinator

PRFT System

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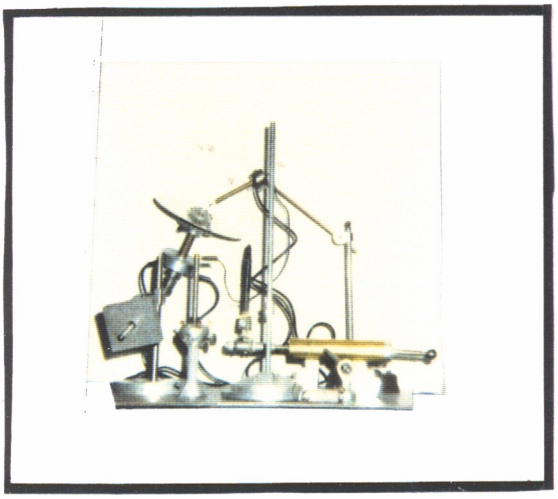
*Although commonly referred to as an OEC converter, the word "converter" is in reality a redundancy as the device is properly referred to as an outpoint excitation converter.



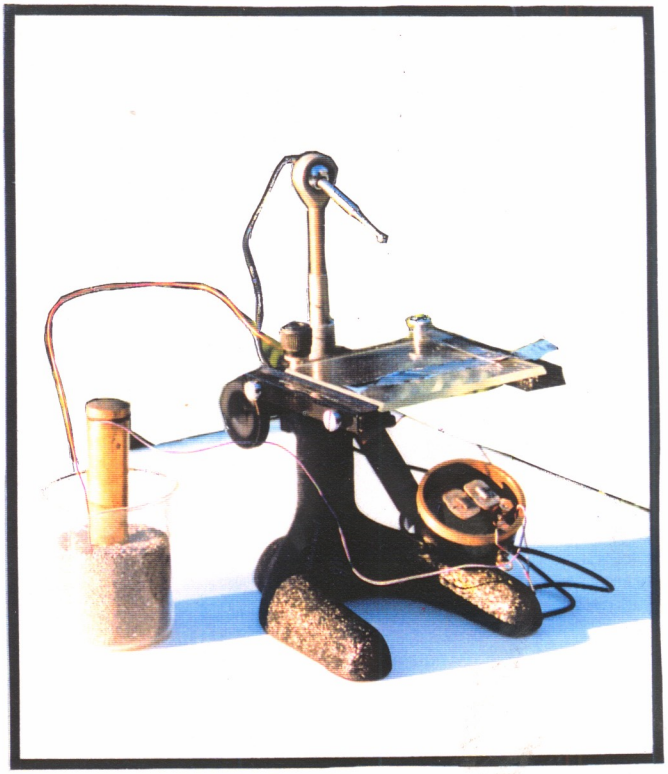
Parallel Resonant Field Translator

Use of the "Ludiscope" for Beginners. An introduction to the Dilmount apparatus.

By Ahmed Fishmonger, Ph.D.

In 1927, Elmo Dilmount had yet to achieve the fame which would follow him through his later life. It was in the early months of that year that he would construct the very first "Ludiscope" thus making magnetism universal.

The device consists of a small magnetic generator coupled to a field probe with three dimensions of freedom. Between the generator and the probe is a glass plate which serves as the neutral terminal of a primitive type of Mollot cell known as a "Poulsen cup." The reason that this is used rather than a standard cell is so the rate at which the granules transmit can be observed.



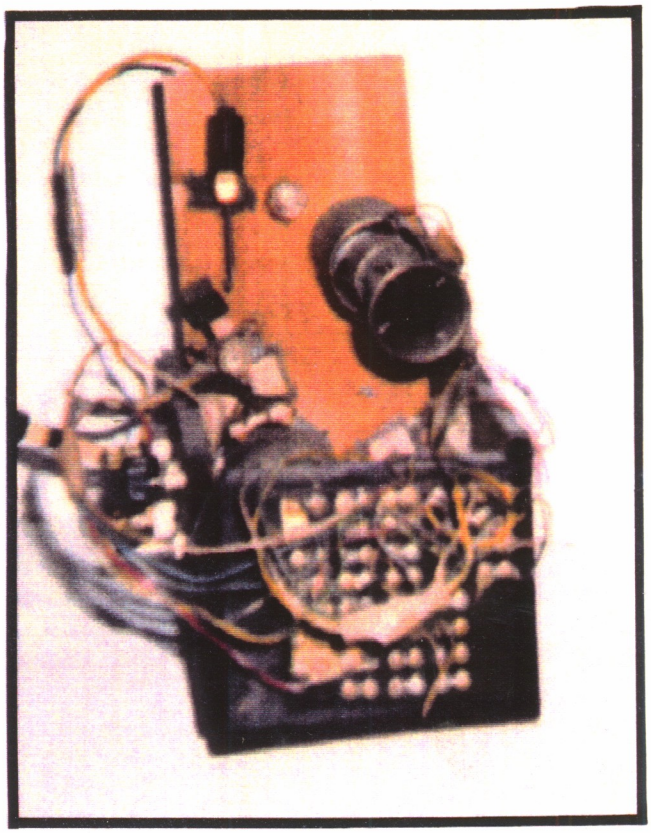
To use you first clip your sample to the glass plate. Next position the magnetic generator in such a way that its field passes through the *edge* of the sample. Position the tip of the probe at the very outside of the generator's field and then *slowly* lower it into the field using the focus screw. As you are doing this carefully observe the granules in the Poulsen cup for any corona discharge. This will be much easier to see if you are wearing polaroid glasses. When you see a discharge, measure the distance from the probe to the sample in millimeters and note the axis and color of the discharge. Then all you have to do is look them up in the "Dilmount mass standards handbook" to obtain their numeric values. Thus by multiplying the handbook's Remizov number by the D/D (distance at discharge) you determine the magnetic value of your sample.

The Original 1928 Prototype

By Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger, Ph.D.

This peculiar device was found in an abandoned house near Elmyra, New York in 1961 during its demolition.

The only information concerning it was a yellowed label affixed to one side of the case identifying it as "The original 1928 prototype." In the thirty years since its discovery no one has been able to fully delve the purpose of this mysterious apparatus. Soon after it was found it was discovered that a six volt DC current introduced across the terminals would cause the transparent roller to shift back and forth at random and a tiny corona discharge would form between two needle sharp points below and to the left of a prism of unknown use. A high static charge would build around a metal stud which protruded through the case right next to the knife switch which activated the mechanism. After a few years, even these cryptic functions ceased. The device is now, apparently, broken.



At least three attempts have been made to duplicate the device, all of them failures. The first raised the temperature of every glass object within three feet by one degree centigrade and then burned out, the second did nothing that anyone could detect. The third was an "improved" model built as a research project by an MIT student in 1982. When powered up it started to behave like the original before it stopped working, then it too stopped never to work again. The student who built it claimed that he saw something move in the tiny glass plate held in the metal cone above the roller before it stopped. No one else saw it. The original device now resides in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

Parallel Resonant Field Translation for the Amateur

By Ahmed Fishmonger, Ph.D.

The amateur investigator has long been daunted in any effort requiring the measurement or use of parallel fields. It is only in the last few years that an inexpensive Mollot cell has become available, and those only in a few ratings.

The device which this article will allow you to construct uses two cells, both of standard rating, although one of them has had its gravity boosted with an oversize bleeder coil. This particular Field Translator is powered by a 1.6 gram atomic Boron ambient energy focus battery (ABAEF) with air grounding as required by federal regulations. Complete specs can be found in any good Muonics handbook. The Phase reference plate in my set was taken from an old CVB system and is stainless steel doped with cerium oxide. The plate is set on a gimble so that it can be adjusted to almost as many parallels as professional equipment.

3 centimeters above the center of the plate is the neutral terminal of a commercial Mollot cell rated at 2.6 Hartleys with a static gravity of 5 degrees Kilmer. The negative terminal is fitted with a bleeder coil from a D-6 lifter thus boosting the static gravity to 18 degrees! That coil feeds directly to the "IN" line of the phase plate. The "OUT" line feeds to the positive terminal of another Mollot cell rated at 1.08 Hartleys with a static gravity of 2 degrees Kilmer. The positive terminal of the plate cell leads directly to the ABAEF. The plate "OUT" cell has its negative terminal bled to an OEC converter which in turn feeds to the air ground wave sensor rod.

And there you have it! With this Field Translator you can contact about 80% of the known Resonant Field realms and this can be raised to 85% by adding a second bleeder coil to the phase plate cell but remember that this will require that the "OUT" cell will have to be bled through a much larger converter to avoid "stelching."

In operation the system is simplicity itself; upon completion you should find yourself more or less in focus of one parallel or another. A few light touches to the free neutral terminal of the "OUT" cell and the wave sensor rod should sharpen the contact. To find a new parallel merely adjust the position of the phase plate.

NEGRO BOYS ATTRACT CRO
TO CANDY-SHOP WINDOW

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Unwittingly

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An Address given before the tenth anniversary banquet of the Institute for Parallel Studies.

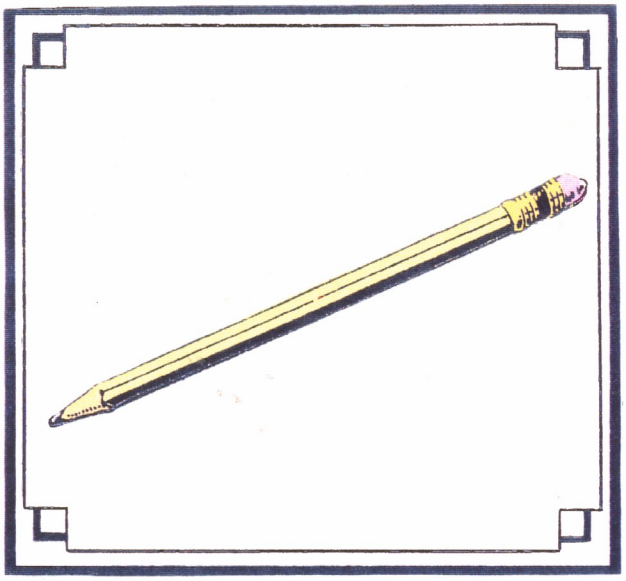
by Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger

Ladies and gentlemen, how good it is to see you all here tonight on this august and festive occasion! How far we have come in the last decade, exploring new horizons in science and history.

From our primitive beginnings we have forged a new discipline, we are inspired by a fresh muse.

I remember well the day that the first parallel resonant field translator was switched on. It was a sunny Saturday and I was disgruntled to have to be in the lab when I would much rather have been out on the links. The device was behind schedule, however, so putting in the few hours required to finish it seemed to be the order of the day.

I applied power to the battery of Mollot cells necessary to run the bulky and primitive apparatus. Instantly the "Banding" effect that we are now so familiar with became evident. Instead of disconnecting the machine as any rational person would have done, I poked a pencil into the probabilistic flux and then pulled it out apparently unharmed.



Xenolite # X-000001

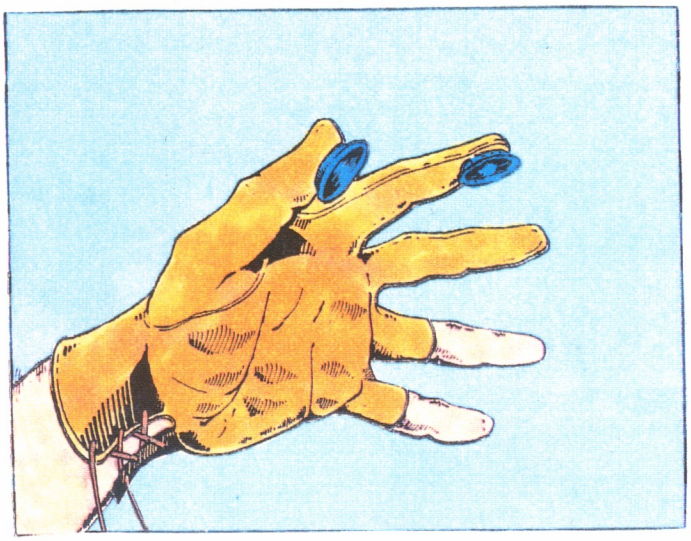
It was only later that evening that I discovered the import of what had transpired that afternoon. Having ordered a hamburger at Elsie's deli, I was doodling on a napkin while I waited when I noticed that my pencil had printed on the yellow paint the words "St. Edmundsburgh, NA" whereas I knew for a fact that that morning the words had been "Ticonderoga, NY." I knew of no city, American or foreign, called St. Edmundsburgh and I did know that something screwy was happening. Forgetting my hamburger, I went back to the lab and started throwing all manner of objects into the field, all of which were transformed into or perhaps exchanged for Xenolites, evidences of the universes next door.

In the following months experiments of increasing complexity and ambition were performed by my colleagues and myself. In that time evidences of no fewer than sixteen distinct historical tracks were discovered.

Evidences ranged from bottle caps to, in one case, a very confused baseball player; unfortunately for him we have never successfully returned anything to exactly where it came from. But the real treasure was the books and papers that would occasionally come through, for it was here that we would find the greatest amount of information.

Since that time we have identified hundreds of different worlds. Some of them are very far removed from our reality, worlds in which life evolved on Earth differently or never evolved at all. These worlds are for all intents alien planets. But much more frequently the alternate realities we see are very close to ours, as if there is some central course that most universes stick close to. On the other hand, there may be problems with our equipment that will someday be improved and we will reach worlds yet undreamed.

What we now know is that the universe is more plastic than anyone had previously thought. It is a "mushy zone" constantly reconfigured by chance.



Xenolite # X-7131418-9

The fact is that God does play dice with the universe *but the game is rigged!* We at the Institute have come to believe that, at least in some cases, every possibility is realized and static gravity technology has given us access to some of those possibilities.

Our future goals include learning how to target a particular parallel and a particular xenolite, finding a way to return xenolites to their space or origin, and ultimately being able to get to these worlds ourselves. Our next ten years present the hard challenges that were created by our past successes. Where it will end is a moot question; it will never end; we have discovered a quantum infinity, for that is what the PRFT has brought us, a greater infinity.

One "funny" thing: it seems that this is not the only track in which the Institute exists. In fact, we have evidence of its presence on at least five of the closer worlds. We have no idea if they are aware of us.

One of the problems which dogs our work is the obscurity of the great majority of the xenolites. Most of them are perfectly ordinary objects that are somehow slightly odd. Just a month ago we found a leather glove that had been made without fingers for the ring and little fingers and with broad suction cups on the index and thumb. We have no idea what it is for although the prevailing opinion is that it is used in some sport which we have not encountered. The obscure, the unexpected . . . it reminds me of a story I once heard. On a street corner a shabbily dressed man was asking passersby for ten dollars. Someone would walk by and he would say "give me ten dollars . . . I need ten dollars." Finally a man stops and hands him something and the guy looks at it and he says to the man who gave it to him, "this isn't ten dollars, this is a piece of *stale rye toast!*" and the man says "Oh, I'm sorry, I must have left my wallet in my other pants!" Now this might not seem to you like it has much to do with what I'm talking about and, well, you're right. The fact is I've had a bit too much to drink and I forgot what I was going to say. . . . Oh yes . . . The xenolites!

The journal of our Institute is a compilation of various xenolitic artifiacts and writings. In this way we can bring to the public *direct* knowledge of our activities and research. By making our researches public we have gained support and funding for ever more ambitious projects. We also make known the otherwisdom that comes with knowing of the otherwise.

What, you may ask, do we actually learn from this? It all seems rather abstract; quite rightly you may say that it has little to do with the real world. At first it may appear to be a juvenile exercise to ask which of these worlds are real and which are false. In fact there is no compelling evidence to suggest that all of historical tracks are real or unreal. This is the great question raised by the Parallel sciences. One of my colleagues when asked what he thought the explanation for the British crop circles was, remarked that he thought it was a hoax . . . by *aliens*. Similarly I must at this time state that the parallel worlds are most likely a fabrication . . . by *God*. Having drunk this heady draft of gnosis we are left with but one thought, and that is that we all can brag that we have taken the road less traveled, for every road is traveled but once. Thank you.

Xenolite # X-9141802-39A

VOL. XXIV, No. 9 WASHINGTON SEPTEMBER, 1913

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

THE REALM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD

BY WESLEY ASCOT-FEZ

Hard to believe as it might be, at one time maps of the world had nothing to the south of South America and Australia. The continent at the bottom of the world was a barren unknown and thought to be of little interest. That was before 1896.

It was in the latter half of that year that Clas Arnesen staggered into the camp of a scouting party from the republic of Brõmfkidor and thus opened up a new world to both us and them. But who are these strange grey men, these stern antarctic giants? Your society founded an expedition to discover the nation at the bottom of the Earth illustrated with four natural color photographs.

THE CITY AMONG THE CLOUDS

The first that any outsider ever sees of Brõmfkidor is the port city of Berszantoj, located high in the mountains. Yes, for this is not a sea port but one of the far flung out posts of this empire's sky commerce. Converging on this mountain metropolis can be seen dozens of huge airships of designs far in advance of any to be made by the famed Zeppelin works! These great whales of the sky, in a thousand bright colors trailing pennants and guy lines, are one of the most awe inspiring sights to be seen anywhere! But this is a mere provincial port; here we must make passage for the interior, leaving our pathetic airplane behind to ride one of these behemoths to Tippilina, the capital city!

The ship is called "Doõi'llina," "The World of the Sky" and its master is a hawk-faced man named Painsjul Kellner. Captain Kellner tells us that the passage to Tippilina will take a mere day and a half which is a good thing for this is a mere freighter and accommodations are simple and not as comfortable as they might be.

Our first sample of the cuisine is something called "kellidj douy" which appears to be the flesh of some sort of bird flavored with some kind of spice with a side dish of some sort of boiled grain. Considering that we have no idea what it is, we find it surprisingly palatable.

Our beds are hammocks slung between the gas cells which expand and contract as we change altitude. When we go very high to miss a mountain they press in upon us in a menacing fashion.

Tippilina's towers finally rise above the horizon as we enter a green valley spread wide with farm and forest, a landscape that seems quite at odds with the icy wastes that surrounded Berszantoj. Scientists have yet to determine why the climate in the interior of the Antarctic continent is so mild but it is because of this that a high and brilliant civilization was able to establish itself here.

THE STORY OF A CIVILIZATION

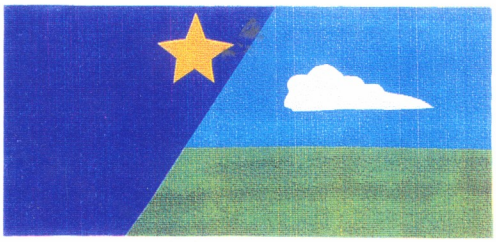
Perhaps a little history is in order at this point. As the world at large has been in contact with Brõmfkidor for a scant four decades, and intermittently at that, there are few Americans or Europeans who speak any of the twelve native languages with any fluency. This is responsible for our knowledge of Brõmfkidoran history and culture being in a sketchy state. With that in mind we can present this bare outline of the recent history of the realm at the bottom of the world.

For as much as we have figured out from their pre-contact dating system it seems that up until 1880, what is now Brõmfkidor was seven separate nations comprising at least fourteen distinct ethnic groups. Those nations are now the "Stomi" of the united republic. They are in order of size, Brant, Ransé, Mekhrandur, Pojona, B'Dobna, Bizaich and Keld.

In 1872 the first skyships took to the air in the nation of B'Dobna. In a short while the king, Derwint III, decided that his new command of the air should by rights extend his dominion over the entire known world, which at that time only extended to the Antarctic continent.

Of course, knowledge of skyship technology did not remain a secret for long and D'Dobna found out that an unreversable world conflict had begun. By the time it was over most of the continent was impoverished, no one had gained anything and another war was around the corner to be waged over the few remaining resources. It was at this time that Dzhidro Bogadnij, a minor politician of Pojona, stepped in. While the war had raged,

Bogadnij had rallied together a secret organization dedicated to the unification of the world in the name of peace. By 1879 by hook or crook he had gained control of the greater part of the remaining armies and wealth of the world as he knew it. His organization, now a political party, seized control of the capital of Pojona, Tippilina. It was from there that he sent forth his ultimatum that all nations must send representatives to this, the new capital of the world, and form a parliament; any country failing to do so would be blockaded and starved out of existence. Thus a constitution forming "Stomo Nomchitka do Bromfkidoro," The united nations of the world, was drafted and Dzhidro Bogadnij became its first king. Under the cooperative rule of the king and parliament the great new country was gradually restored to economic health. When Bogadnij died in 1892 the parliament elected from its own ranks his successor, Meskrin D'Rohuki of Bizaich. He swore that he would protect the sacred trust and faith that the world must remain united under the rule of the king and parliament of Bromfkidor! But in the fourth year of his reign he had brought before him a man who recognized a king of a land he had never heard of, a land called Denmark. And that day the world became very much bigger.



THE BROMFKIDORAN FLAG

Proud banner of the new civilization. The white cloud in the blue field symbolizes the nation's power rests in the sky.

Aresen returned to the outside world eighteen months later after having been given up for dead and started telling his wild story. He had come to an unknown land populated by grey-skinned giants who rode great ships through the sky! They were the last lost civilization. Ultimately the king of Denmark believed him and made preparations to send an envoy to the new land. All of these diplomatic parties were turned back by the confused Bromfkidorans and thus they have not, to this day, participated in world diplomacy.

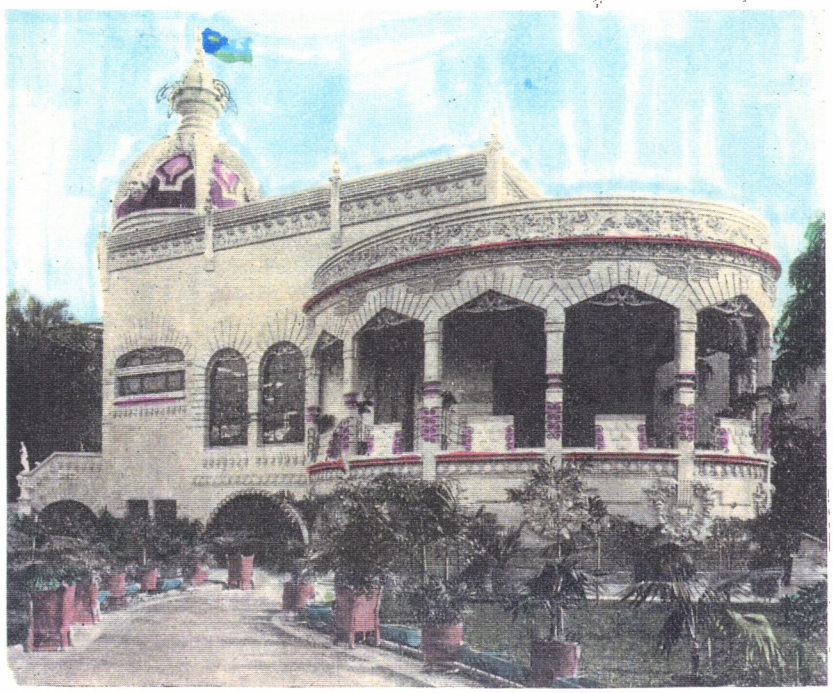
THE WEATHERED FACE OF EXPERIENCE

This old fellow, a veteran of the great Formation War, runs the *taina* shop near our hotel.

TIPPILINA AND ENVIRONS

The city of Tippilina is a fairyland of towers and bridges at the edge of a great forest. Today it is the hub of a great nation and in the past it was the stronghold of the ancient Pojoj ruling families, the home of poets and kings. Along Darwa Ordoir, the main avenue of this antarctic metropolis, we find a myriad of shops and public forae of every description. We sit in a sidewalk establishment dedicated to serving "Taina," the musky tea which is drunk by all of the urban population. At the end of the avenue over a mile away is the palace to which my eye is drawn, for in only a few hours I shall be there; Buerño Montolla, the king of all Bromfkidor, has agreed to see our party.

"The bill is due, Partner," the waiter says. I give him a generous gratuity, citing how hard he worked to make the meal perfect. "Unit-



HOME FOR A KING

This is the actual residence of the king of Bromfkidor. It is adjacent to the great administrative palace but separated from it by a garden. Here the king may pursue a family life free from prying eyes.

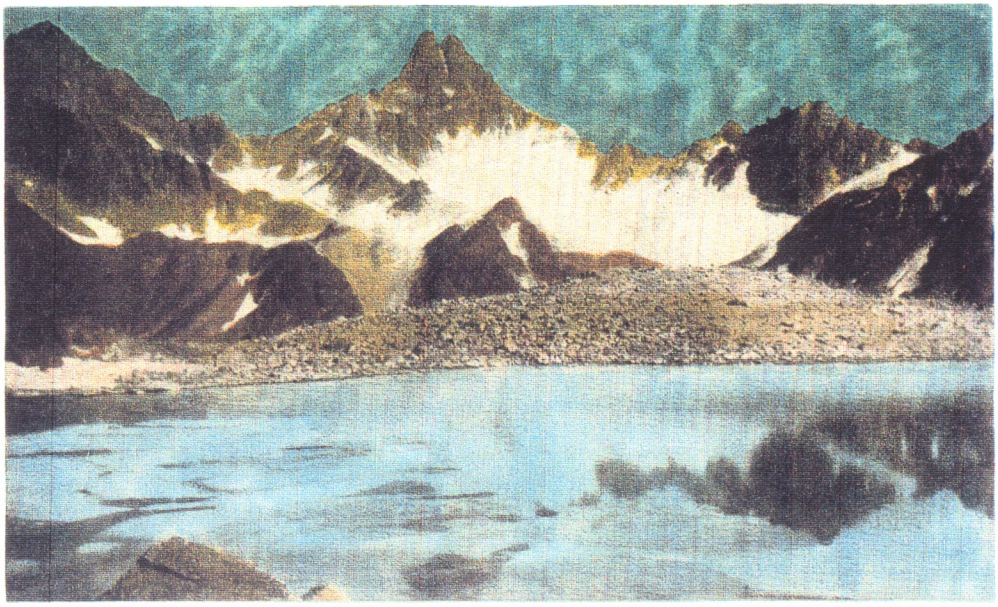
ing the world is also hard work, but a man must do it gladly."

These words from the waiter in a pastry shop sum up the attitude of the modern Bromfkidor. "Partner" is the common honorific, for that is how they are trained to regard each other. All Bromfkidorans think of the unification of all mankind as the ongoing struggle in which they are all active participants. This is the very linchpin of the national character.

The palace is actually one of the newer buildings in this part of the city. King Dzhidro Bogadnij had it built as a symbol of the resurgence of his people. It is an artificial mountain of stone, metal, glass and precious gems. The road which leads toward the gate is lined with tall stone heads, all of which look toward the doors of the grand court.

The king has no throne room, and in fact he is not a king in the sense that most people think. Every five years each stoma elects a "Senator" who serves a fifteen year term at the king's table. No one can serve more than one term so that there are always three representatives from each stoma of three different degrees of experience. When the king dies, the parliament (or "The King's Table," as it is known) elects from its own members one who will be the next king. The man who now bears the burden of the united world was a tenth year senator from Brant when he was elected to be the king of the world. Today he sits at the head of the table sipping at a mug of taina and looking perfectly comfortable in his exalted position. Buerño Montolla, the fourth man to head the table at Tippilina, is tall even for a Bromfkidoran. His bearing is unmistakably that of an emperor; his appearance reflects all the earmarks of the patriarch—the perfect white hair, the piercing eyes that seem to probe the soul. Who is this man, this master of a world. It turns out that, for one thing, he is a man who cares a great deal about his garden. In the light months of this high latitude the king raises vegetables and breeds new strains of teosinte. "Uniting the world is constant work, and setting the right example is, for me, part of that work."

There it is again, and this time from the



MIDNIGHT SUN

In summer at these latitudes the sun never quite sets but gives a night time of eerie twilight. In this season farming and commerce continue round the clock.

king himself. "Uniting the world"—this is the theme which appears in endless variations in the symphony which is Bromfkidor.

EDUCATION IN THE FAR SOUTH

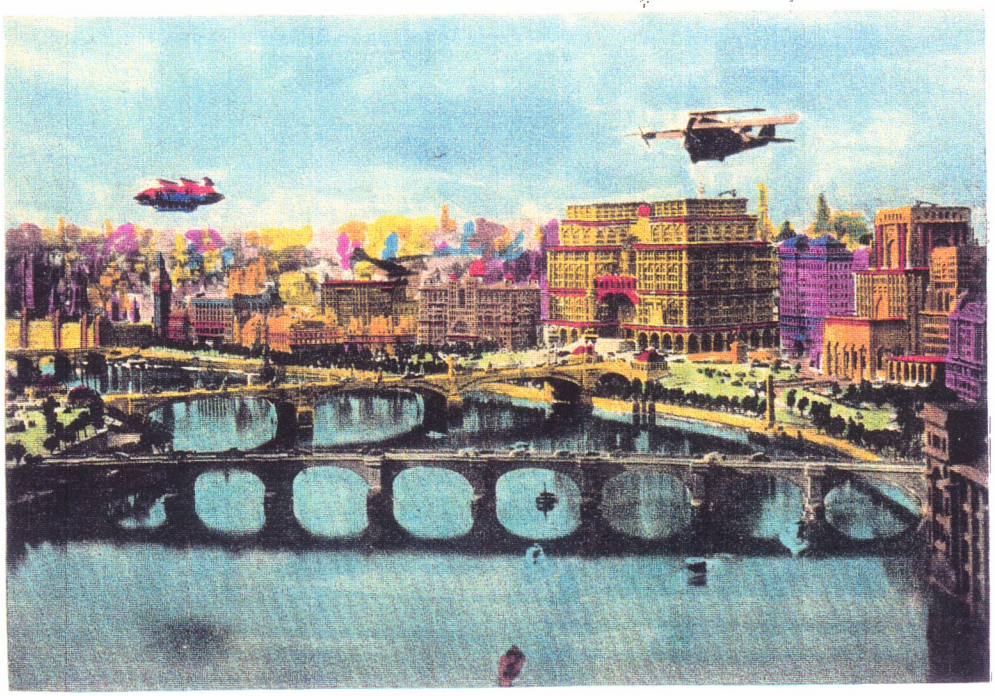
On my third morning in Tippilina, I rose to find that the official cartographer of our party had to return to America due to illness following overindulgence in the local brew with a few of the natives the previous night. Undaunted, I forged ahead to my next destination, one of the huge public schools that the government has set up to help "Unite the World" by dispelling ignorance. It was here that I first heard the stirring national anthem of this undiscovered country sung by a class of ten-year-olds at the opening of their school day. The translation here is poor because I had to make it on my own; my translator had taken ill and had to return to Santiago on short notice.

"People of the sky,
the destiny of all mankind
is in your hands.
People of the sky,
look at the stars and see,
that they too are
part of your land.
Are we frightened?
Uniting the World,
Are we weakened in our resolve?
Uniting the world
Is our destiny taken from us? No!
People of the sky!
Our land is the world,
don't forget!
People of the sky,
Never forget the basis
of your teaching!

"People of the sky," it turns out, is the translation of the name of the capital city, Tippilina. This was a brand new name bestowed upon the old town when Bromfkidor was founded. The ancient name was "Dārmal," which seems to mean "This place right here where we stand."

My talks with the students were rather unenlightening; their answers to even the most direct and to the point questions seemed to be metaphoric and allegorical. When asked how it felt to meet someone from a foreign country, the response was "There are no foreign countries." When asked, "Yes, but I mean a stranger to these lands," the response is "Partner, your language is peculiar, your education is incomplete, but as a human you are no stranger."

I have always found children to be a great source of puzzlement.



TIPPILINA, CITY OF WONDER

It is here in the capital that the true wonder that is Bromfkidor can be seen in all its glory.

In the afternoon I spend some time in the tea shop. The proprietor actually fought in the last war which led to the formation of the republic. It turns out that he commanded a skyship of the land of Pojona and later lent his skills to the service of Dzhidro Bogadnij to help unite the world. Our second photographer got well acquainted with this man and his friends and might have lent much insight into the true story of the great war were it not for the fact that he remembered that his wife was to have a baby in a very few days thus requiring his return to the U.S.A. on short notice. It is entirely beyond me how a man can forget such a thing, but serves as a lesson in the fact that we still have things yet to learn in our own back yard.

One thing I did not get to see was one of the huge military facilities which this united nation continues to maintain in spite of the fact that it is now at peace.

I have heard of a vast fleet of air ships that are capable of placing troops anywhere on the globe within a matter of days. Of course in the modern world their use is limited to civil emergencies like fires and earthquakes. The ways of the sword are dead to them, thanks to the dogma of the "United World."

The day finally came when I had to bid Tippilina goodbye. My reflections upon taking my leave are mixed. On the one hand the natives accepted me as if I were a native; on the other, their resulting lack of understanding that I was a stranger made it difficult for me to delve some of the subtler aspects of the national character. As I write these words I am once again riding in one of the enormous skyships heading for the eastern port of Strum Kemlin from whence I will catch a plane for Sidney and the world I know. I have struck up an acquaintance with the second officer of the ship and when we part I will miss his company. All of our conversations were held in Spanish, which he has recently learned. When I asked him why he replied that he and many other sky officers were planning to go to Patagonia soon. This warmed my heart, for I feel that in some small way that contact with men such as myself might have inspired these people to get to know the greater world which surrounds them. And so we say farewell for now to the wonderland which is Bromfkidor, the realm at the bottom of the world.

New York Times, November 22nd, 1958.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Today Scott Joplin, one of America's most celebrated composers and educators, died after a short illness just four days short of his ninetieth birthday.

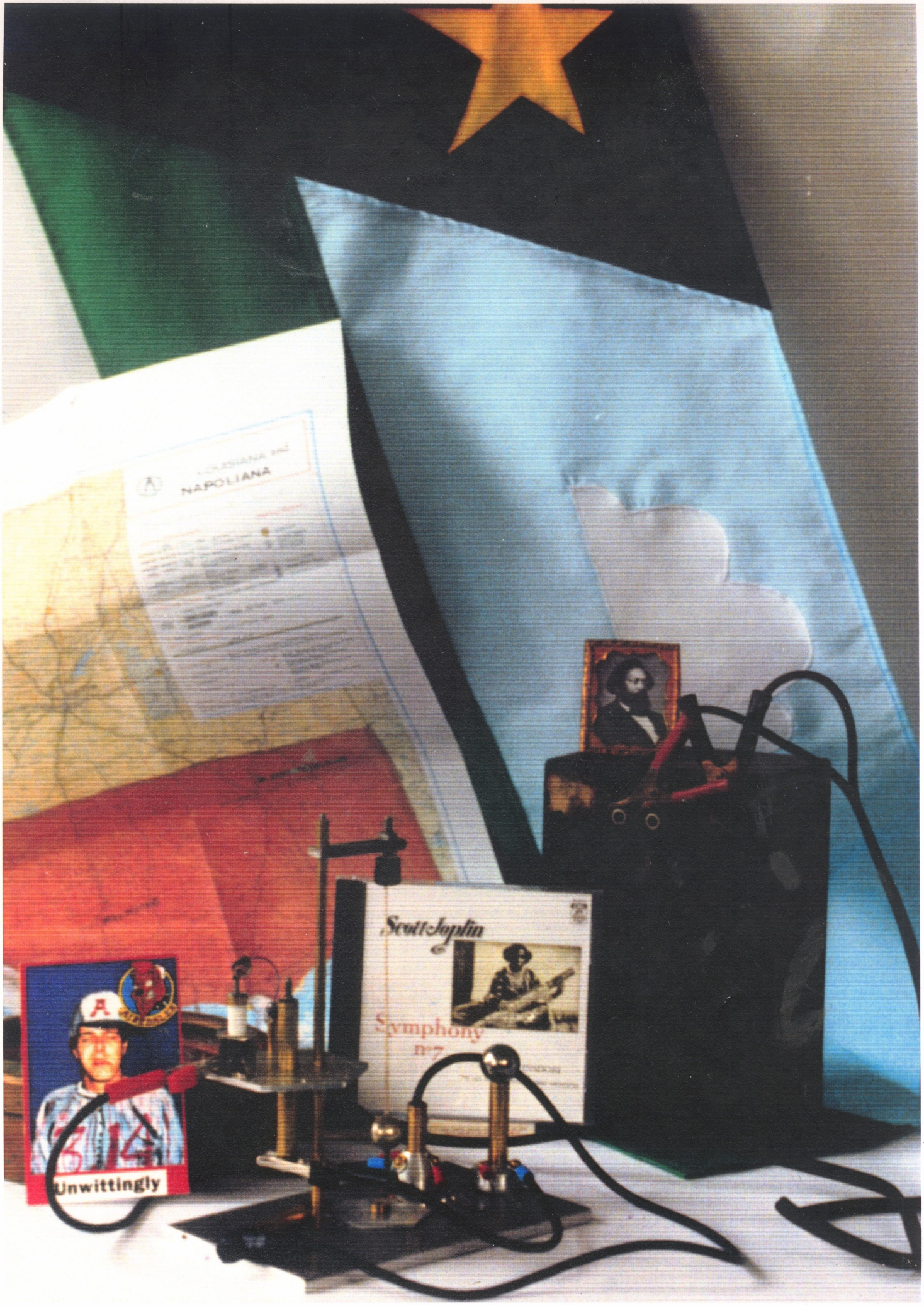
Born of obscure parents in Texarkana, Texas in 1868, this man rose to become one of the seminal figures in American music. His first published piece was an unprecedented hit called "Maple Leaf Rag" published in 1899 and from there he moved from strength to strength. In those first five years of the century he laid the groundwork for what would become known as the "Missouri school" in American music. In those early years he produced his first ballet, his first opera (the wildly successful "A Guest of Honor"), and two dozen piano and band pieces including the famed "Euphonic sounds" which would become the basis of the second movement of his first symphony in 1915.

After spending the first fifteen years of the century in Sedalia and St. Louis composing and teaching piano, he was invited to New York City by a Broadway agent who had offered him a lucrative contract to write the music for a Broadway show called "Afro-America." The show was written, and unlike his somewhat dull second opera, "Treemonisha," "Afro-America" electrified all who saw and heard it. This show remains one of the great American classics, and its message of racial unity had a profound effect on the world. Unfortunately for Broadway, Mr. Joplin wrote only one more show, "The World Turned Upside Down!", before he got an offer he could not refuse. While in New York and Chicago Jazz had taken hold with a vengeance, the sound in his native Missouri remained the closely metered rhythms of Ragtime. Scott Joplin was the living symbol of the power of this unique art form and for this reason he was offered in 1918 the presidency of the newly formed "Missouri Academy of Music," a post he held for the next ten years when he was succeeded by Dr. Ferdinand Morton.

Joplin was much more at home teaching and composing than he was amongst the hustle and bustle of New York and it was in those years between 1919 and 1929 that he produced the music for which he would be most remembered. I need only mention the second symphony, the Sousa collaborations, the opera "John Brown," the third symphony, the African Intermezzos and the triumphant fourth symphony "Twentieth Century Rag." With these works America realized that Joplin was a composer equal to any ever produced by Europe. In 1930 Joplin set out on a sabbatical to be spent in West Africa to find the roots of his beloved Ragtime. All he hoped and more was to be found there. He stayed up until the beginning of the second world war making recordings and composing vast orchestral works for western orchestra enriched by the sounds of Koras, M'Biras, marimbas and a wild variety of drums. He is in fact the man who is solely responsible for these instruments being part of the modern symphony orchestra. During the war he returned to the academy to teach and work along with a great variety of African musicians whose presence would have a great influence. Up until his death he continued to work on piano and chamber works as well as one more symphony, the eleventh.

Just last year audiences marvelled at his quintet "Gabon Rag," and as he leaves this life we know from his students that many works remain unpublished.

He leaves his wife, Lottie Joplin, and a son, Charles Scott Joplin, as well as four grandchildren.


LOUISIANA 1682
NAPOLIANA
Scott Joplin
Symphony
n°7
Unwittingly

The back cover pictures a few objects from the Institute archives.

1. A Bromfkidoran flag salvaged from the skyship "Mirjona", shot down at the hight of F.D.R.'s Bromfkidoran "containment" policy.
2. A road map of Louisiana and Napoleana.
3. A tintype photograph of president Hiram T. Johnson.
4. A PFRT system of the kind used in the feild.
5. A recent CD packaging of Joplin's seventh symphony.
6. A student model lab Determinator.
7. An exceedingly rare Don Unwittingly baseball card.

Seth Kallen Deitch

January 2, 2017 ·

So whilst in the process of looking for something else, I came across what I think is my only copy of The Journal of the Institute for Parallel Studies. It is quite easily one of the most eccentric of my many publications and those of you who are acquainted with my history know that makes it very eccentric indeed!

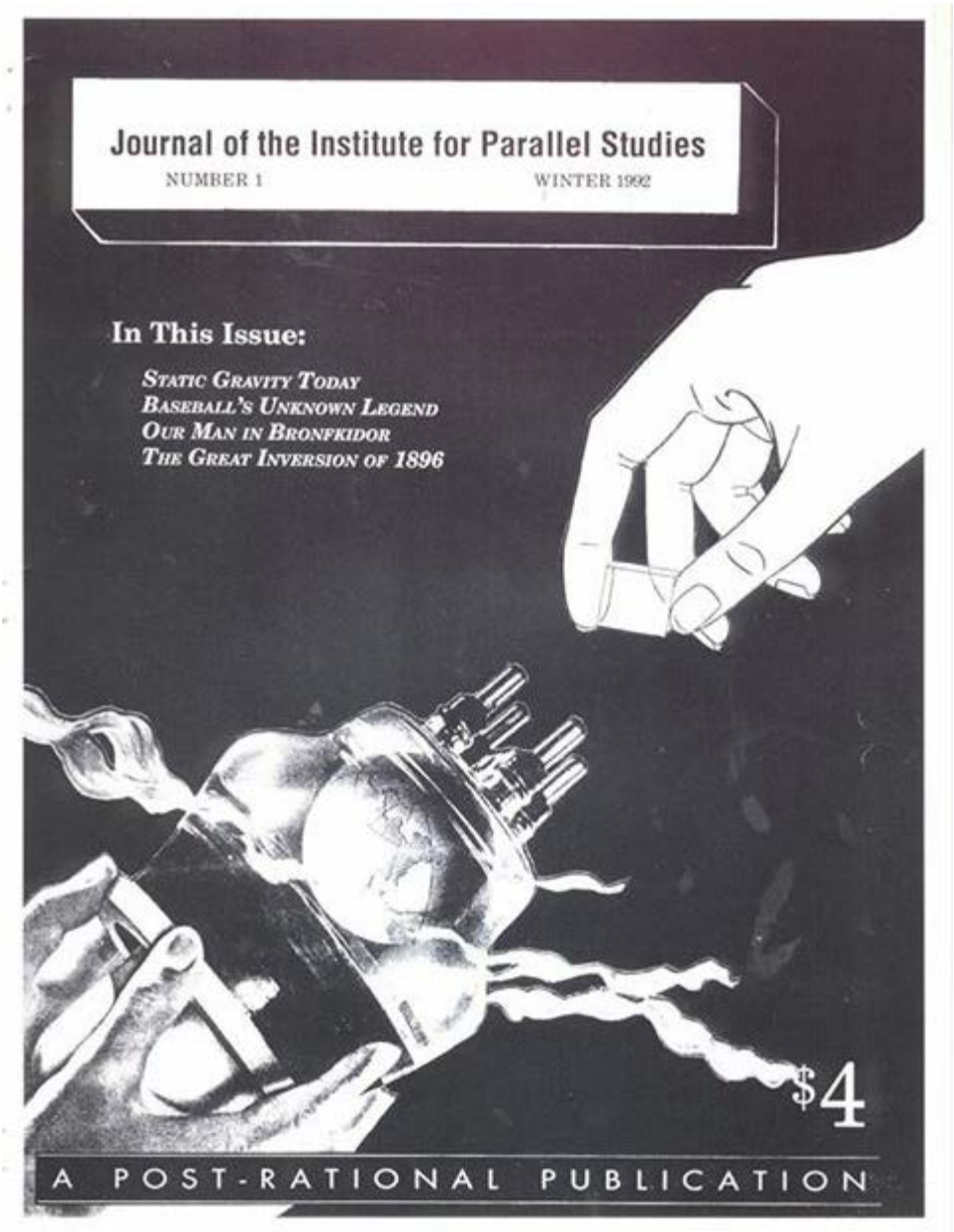
The honest-to-gosh original origin of this book is hard to pin down. This was an interim period for me. In 1991 I had mostly put collage aside and had discontinued GET STUPID magazine in favor of painting naked ladies and was more or less happy doing that. I was in the habit of joining Rob Chalfen for morning coffee. *His* morning, not mine, between eleven and noon usually. Our conversations over coffee led to much of the content of the Journal. We talked about alternate realities and abandoned technologies, social history, art, music and god-only-knows what else. At some point the name “The Institute for Parallel Studies” emerged from Rob’s brain and more and more of our discourse filtered into that category. I supplied the notion of Parallel Fields and wrote a learned scientific paper on the subject. He for some crackbrained reason made mention of The Great Inversion of 1896. We concocted the strange tale of how mentally deficient baseball player, Don Unwittingly vanished from his universe. The notion of the unheard of state of Napoleana and the Athens-like city of Mulweeno appeared. The lost civilization of Bromfkidor was first mentioned in these caffeinated symposia. The version of Bromfkidor that appears in the Journal is not canonic with my later novels about it. The concept is still but an embryo here. Somehow California succeeded from the Union and set out on a separate path of history. Scott Joplin didn’t get Syphilis and lived into the 1950s. How did we learn this? Through the use of the PRFT, the Parallel Resonant Field Translator or simply Resonator. It was the basic tool of the Institute. Somewhere in there I actually built those machines. A few of them still exist.

Lord! What force had taken control of us! The book is only 24 pages with two loose blow-in pieces. For the size of the idea, it was really a very small thing. Since it was published I have written thousands of words connected in some way with the Institute for Parallel Studies, but it all started with this very modest sized ‘zine.

I should point out that we had help. At this point in time I did not own a computer, had never used Photoshop and had done very little printing in color. I determined that the book would be printed on a Canon CLC1 color copier. Advanced for its time, but it had drawbacks. For one thing it only printed single sided and thus the that was how the book was printed except for one piece, the Empire of California banknote that I had to print with only one centered on an 8 1/2 x 11 sheet and then carefully lined up to print the second side. Every other one came out off register, but the final result was worth it. Also Some illustrations were provided by Alan Vickers. The Bromfkidoran flag that appears on the back cover was sewn by Andrea Zax and she didn’t charge me one thin dime for the job either. Tony Fitzgerald modeled the character of Don Unwittingly. The type was all set by Naomi Pierce and she put up with a lot from me constantly changing my mind about things and demanding the perfect National Geographic font. She is a freaking saint.

So anyway, I scanned this last copy that I have in my possession so you can enjoy it. The cover gives a publication date of 1992, but actually the first copies were out in late 1991. I have no doubt that Rob Chalfen will have something to add to the odd history of this.

http://www.skdeitch.com/Library/Journal.pdf



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15 M Paisley Fractal, Ron Rege Jr and 13 others

Comments

Rob Chalfen definitely a product of close-field coffee&scotch assisted syncretic cognition
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Ralph Clark When I first found your "parallel fields" material on the early web back the 90's it blew my mind. I returned to it again and again, it felt as if it held some ineluctable truth - like peeping through the veil of consensual reality to what lies beneath. It struck a chord within me that will never stop resonating.
1

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Seth Kallen Deitch replied · 3 Replies


Ron Rege Jr This work deeply influenced my creative development.
2

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Rob Chalfen the imaginative damage spreads outward at the speed of light...
3

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Seth Kallen Deitch I note that the indicia mentions also Mina Abbate and the late Robert Connors. I think Mina did some of the photography of the parallel devices. Rob Chalfen do you know what exactly Bob Connors contribution was?
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Rob Chalfen replied · 5 Replies


Hans Rickheit I still have my copy!
1

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Seth Kallen Deitch https://www.facebook.com/notes/731715090198229/Manage


Seth Kallen Deitch
September 22, 2014 ·
The Institute- Part 1

A good number of my early stories center around something called The Institute for Parallel Studies. My first two novels, ***Bromfkidor*** *and Beneath* ***Bromfkidor*** *are the earliest and longest of these although there was a short run self-published magazine called The Journal of the Institute for Parallel studies that had som...*

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Ralph Clark I thoroughly enjoyed re-reading that ☺
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Seth Kallen Deitch https://www.facebook.com/notes/730212173681854/Manage

Seth Kallen Deitch
September 15, 2014 ·
The Gaon of Chozzerai

Not all parallel worlds are vast.

The Gaon of Chozzerai

by

...
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Steven Gallanter replied · 7 Replies

Seth Kallen Deitch By the way,the cover design is by Rob Chalfen. Rob *loves* black covers. WE also had one on OUT magazine, which by the way pre dated the gay community mag of the same name.
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Rob Chalfen yeah, 'Out' as in 'outre', not closets
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